3 pieces

7

THE True-born ENGLISHMAN,

A [by Daniel Defoe]

SATYR.

Statuimus pacem, & securitatem, & concordiam, judicium & justitiam inter Anglos & Normannos, Francos, & Britones Walliæ & Connubiæ, Pictos & Scotos Albaniæ, *similiter inter* Francos & *Insulanos, Provincias, & Patrias, quæ pertinent ad coronam nostram, & inter omnes subjectos, firmiter & inviolabiliter observari.*

Charta Regis Willielmi Conquisitoris de Pace Publica, *Cap.* I.

AN EXPLANATORY

PREFACE.

IT is not that I ſee any reaſon to alter my opinion in any thing I have written, which occaſions this Epiſtle; but I find it neceſſary, for the ſatisfaction of ſome perſons of honour, as well as wit, to paſs a ſhort explication upon it, and acquaint the world what I mean, or rather, what I do not mean, in ſome things in which I find I am liable to be miſunderſtood.

I confeſs myſelf ſomething ſurprized to hear that I am taxed for bewraying my own neſt, and abuſing our nation, by diſcovering the meaneſs of our original, in order to make the *Engliſh* contemptible abroad and at home; in which, I think, they are miſtaken: for why ſhould not our neighbours be as good as Us to derive from? And I muſt add, That had we been an unmixed nation, I am of opinion it had been to our diſadvantage: for to go no farther, we have three nations about us as clear from mixtures of blood as any in the world, and I know not which of them I could wiſh ourſelves to be like; I mean the *Scots*, *Welſh*, and the *Iriſh*; and if I were to write a reverſe to the *Satyr*, I would examine all the nations of *Europe*, and prove, that thoſe nations which are moſt mixed, are the beſt, and have leaſt of barbariſm and brutality among them: ſeveral reaſons, but too prolix for a *Preface*, might be urged to make good the Aſſertion.

How-

However, I give this hint, to convince the world, that I am far from thinking, it is a *Satyr* upon the *Engliſh* nation, to tell them, they are derived from all the nations under heaven; that is, *from ſeveral nations.* Nor is it meant to undervalue the original of the *Engliſh*, for we ſee no reaſon to entertain the worſe opinion of them for being the relicts of *Romans, Danes, Saxons* and *Normans,* than we ſhould, had they remained *Britains,* that is, had they been all *Welſhmen.*

But the Intent of the *Satyr* is pointed at the vanity of thoſe who talk of their antiquity, and value themſelves upon their pedigree, their ancient families, and being *true-born*; whereas it is impoſſible we ſhould be *true-born*; and if we could, ſhould have loſt by the bargain.

Theſe ſort of people, who ſtile themſelves *true-born,* and tell long ſtories of their families, and like a nobleman of *Venice,* *Think a foreigner ought not to call*

ſame ſide of the ſtreet with them, are the only pointed at in this *Satyr*. What they would infer from their long original, I know not, nor is it eaſy to make out whether they are the better or the worſe for their anceſtors: our *Engliſh* nation may value themſelves for their *wit*, *wealth*, and *courage*, and I believe few nations will diſpute it with them; but for long originals, and ancient *true-born* families of *Engliſh*, I would adviſe them to wave the diſcourſe. A *True Engliſhman* is one that deſerves a character, and I have no where leſſened him, that I know of; but as for a *True-born Engliſhman*, I confeſs I do not underſtand him.

From hence I only infer, That an *Engliſhman*, of all Men ought not to deſpiſe foreigners as *ſuch*, and I think the inference is juſt, ſince *what they are to-day, we were yeſterday, and to-morrow they will be like us.* If foreigners miſbehave in their ſeveral ſta-

do with that; the Laws are open to punish them equally with natives, and let them have no favour.

I could go on to prove it also impolitic in us to discourage foreigners; since it is easy to make appear that the multitudes of foreign nations who here took sanctuary, have been the greatest additions to the wealth and strength of the nation; whose greatest essential is the number of its inhabitants: nor would this nation have ever arrived to the degree of wealth and glory, it now boasts of, had not the addition of foreign nations, both as to manufactures and arms, been conducive to its help. This is so plain, that he who is ignorant of the matter is too dull to be talked with.

The *Satyr* therefore I must allow to be just, till I am otherwise convinced; because nothing can be more ridiculous than to hear our people boast of that antiquity, which, if it had been true, would have left us in so much worse a condition than we now are;

whereas we ought rather to boaſt among our neighbours, that we are a part of themſelves, and of the ſame original, but bettered by our climate, and like our language and manufactures, derived from them, and improved by us to a perfection greater than they can pretend to.

This we might have valued ourſelves upon without vanity: but to diſown our deſcent from them, talk big of our ancient families, and long origins, and ſtand at a diſtance from foreigners, like the *Enthuſiaſt* in religion, with a *Stand off, I am more holy than thou*: this is a thing ſo ridiculous, in a nation derived from foreigners, as we are, that I could not but attack them as I have done.

If my countrymen would take the hint and grow better natured from my *ill-natured Poem*, as ſome call it; I would ſay this of it, that though it is far from the beſt *Satyr* that ever was wrote, it would do the moſt good that ever *Satyr* did.

And yet I am ready to aſk pardon of ſome gentlemen too; who, though *Engliſhmen*, have good-nature to ſee themſelves reproved, and can bear it. Theſe are gentlemen in a true Senſe, that can bear to be told of their *faux pas*, and not abuſe the reprover. To ſuch I muſt ſay, this is no *Satyr*; they are exceptions to the general Rule; and I value my performance from their approbation, more than I can from any opinion I have of its worth.

The Errors of my Verſe may, not undeſervedly, be attributed to haſte, the time I employed in writing this *Satyr* having been but little, and my leiſure leſs; I have, notwithſtanding, ſtrove rather to make the thought explicit, than the Poem correct. Several particulars have been much amended in this Edition; the reſt muſt be placed to my account.

THE

And yet I am ready to ask pardon of some
persons too; who, though English-men,
[illegible] to feel delicacies unknown
to them. These gentlemen in a
[illegible] seem to be took of their
[illegible] at all the reproves. To
[illegible] this is to [illegible], they are
[illegible] the General Rules, and I have
[illegible] distance from their application.
[illegible] I can from any opinion I have
[illegible].

The interest of my Work may, notwithstanding, be attributed to [illegible] the time I employed in writing this Satyr, having been [illegible] and my leisure [illegible]; I have not [illegible] I have reason to make the [illegible] conceit, than the Poem correct: [illegible] particulars have been much amended [illegible]; the rest must be placed to

THE

INTRODUCTION.

SPEAK *Satyr*, for there's none
can tell like thee,
Whether 'tis folly, pride, or
knavery,
That makes this discontented land appear
Less happy now in times of peace, than war:
Why civil feuds disturb the nation more,
Than all our bloody wars have done before.

Fools out of favour grudge at knaves in
place,
And men are always honest in disgrace:

The

The court preferments make men knaves in
course:
But they who wou'd enjoy them, would be
worse.
'Tis not at foreigners that we repine,
Wou'd foreigners their perquisites resign:
The grand Contention's plainly to be seen,
To have some men put out, and some put in.
For this our senators make long harangues,
And florid members whet their polish'd
tongues;
Statesmen are always sick of one disease,
But a good pension gives them present ease:
This grand specific makes them all content
With any king and any government.
Good patriots may at court-abuses rail,
And all the nation's grievances bewail:
Yet when the *sov'reign balsam*'s once apply'd,
The zealot never fails to change his side.
And when he must the *golden key* resign,
The *railing spirit* comes about again.
Who shall this bubbl'd nation disabuse,
While they their own felicities refuse?

Who

Who at the wars have made ſuch mighty
pother,
And now are ſalling out with one another:
With needleſs fears the jealous nation fill,
And always have been ſav'd againſt their
will:
Who fifty millions *ſterling* have diſburs'd,
To be with peace and too much plenty
curs'd.
Who their old monarch, eagerly undo,
And yet uneaſily obey the new.
Search, *Satyr*, ſearch; a deep inciſion make;
The poiſon's ſtrong, the antidote's too weak.
'Tis pointed truth muſt manage this diſpute,
And downright Engliſh *Engliſhmen* con-
fute.

Whet thy juſt anger at the nation's pride;
And with keen phraſe repel the vicious tide.
To *Engliſhmen* their own beginnings ſhow,
And aſk them why they ſlight their neighbours ſo.
Go back to elder times, and ages paſt,
And nations into long oblivion caſt;

To old *Britannia*'s youthful days retire,
And there for *True-born Engliſhmen* enquire.
Britannia freely will diſown the name,
And hardly knows herſelf from whence they came:
Wonders that They of all men ſhou'd pretend
To *birth* and *blood*, and for a name contend.
Trace back the cauſes where our follies dwell,
And fetch the dark original from hell:
Speak, *Satyr*, for there's none like thee can tell.

THE

True-born ENGLISHMAN.

PART I.

WHEREVER God erects a houſe of pray'r,
The devil always builds a chapel there:
And 'twill be found upon examination,
The latter has the largeſt congregation:
For ever ſince he firſt debauch'd the mind,
He made a perfect conqueſt of mankind.
With uniformity of ſervice, he
Reigns with a gen'ral Ariſtocracy.

No nonconforming ſects diſturb his reign,
And of his yoke but very few complain.
He knows the genius and the inclination,
And matches proper ſins for ev'ry nation.
He needs no ſtanding army government;
He always rules us by our own conſent:
His laws are eaſy, and his gentle ſway
Makes it exceeding pleaſant to obey.
The liſt of his vice-gerents and commanders,
Out-does your *Cæſars*, or your *Alexanders*.
They never fail of his infernal aid,
And he's as certain ne'er to be betray'd.
Thro' all the world they ſpread his vaſt command,
And death's eternal empire is maintain'd.
They rule ſo politickly and ſo well,
As if they were lords-juſtices of hell.
Duly divided to debauch mankind,
And plant infernal Dictates in the mind.

Pride, the firſt peer, and preſident of hell,
To his ſhare *Spain*, the largeſt province fell.
The ſubtle prince thought fitteſt to beſtow
On theſe the golden mines of *Mexico*;
With all the ſilver mountains of *Peru*;
Wealth which in wiſe hands muſt the world undo:
Becauſe he knew their genius to be ſuch;
Too lazy and too haughty to be rich.
So proud a people, ſo above their fate,
That if reduc'd to beg, they'll beg in ſtate.

Lavish of money to be counted brave,
And proudly starve, because they scorn to save.
Never was nation in the world before,
So very rich, and yet so very poor.

Lust chose the Torrid Zone of *Italy*,
Where blood ferments for rapes and sodomy;
There swelling veins o'erflow with livid streams,
The heat impregnate from *Vesuvian* flames;
Whose flowing sulphur forms infernal lakes,
And human body of the soil partakes.
There nature ever burns with hot desires,
Fann'd with the air of subterranean fires:
Here undisturb'd in floods of scalding lust,
Th' infernal king reigns with infernal gust.

Drunk'nness, the darling favourite of hell,
Chose *Germany* to rule; and rules so well,
No subjects more obsequiously obey,
None please so well, or are so pleased as they.
The cunning artist manages so well,
He lets them bow to heav'n, and drink to hell.
If but to wine and him they homage pay,
He cares not to what deity they pray,
What god they worship most, or in what way.
Whether by *Luther*, *Calvin*, or by *Rome*,
They sail for heav'n, by wine he steers them home.

Ungovern'd passion settled first in *France*,
Where mankind lives in haste, and thrives by chance.

A *dancing nation*, fickle and untrue:
Have oft undone themſelves, and others too:
Prompt th' infernal dictates to obey,
And in hell's favour none more great than they.

The *Pagan* world he blindly leads away,
And perſonally rules with arbitrary ſway:
The maſk thrown off, *Plain Devil* his title ſtands;
And what elſewhere he tempts, he there commands,
There with full guſt th' ambition of his mind
Governs, as he of old in heav'n deſign'd.
Worſhipp'd as God, his *Painim Altars* ſmoke,
Embru'd with blood of thoſe who him invoke.
The reſt by deputies he rules as well,
And plants the diſtant colonies of hell.
By them his ſecret power he well maintains,
And binds the world in his infernal chains.

By zeal the *Iriſh*; and the *Ruſh* by folly:
Fury the *Dane*: The *Swede* by melancholy:
By ſtupid ignorance the *Muſcovite*:
The *Chineſe* by a *child of hell*, call'd wit;
Wealth makes the *Perſian* too effeminate:
And poverty the *Tartars* deſperate:
The *Turks* and *Moors* by *Mah'met* he ſubdues:
And God has given him leave to rule the Jews:
Rage rules the *Portugueſe*, ſweet fraud the *Scotch*:
Revenge the *Pole*; and avarice the *Dutch*.

Satyr be kind, and draw a silent veil,
Thy *Native England*'s vices to conceal:
Or if that task's impossible to do,
At least be just, and shew her virtues too;
Too great the first, alas! the last too few,

England unknown as yet, unpeopled lay;
Happy, had she remain'd so to this Day,
And not to ev'ry nation been a prey,
Her open harbours, and her fertile plains,
The merchants glory these, and those the swains,
To ev'ry barbarous nation have betray'd her,
Who conquer her as oft as they invade her.
So beauty guarded but by innocence,
Is ruin'd by that which shou'd be her defence,

Ingratitude, a devil of *black renown*,
Possess'd her very early for his own.
An ugly, surly, sullen, selfish spirit,
That Satan's *worst perfections does inherit:*
Second to him in malice and in force,
All *devil without*, and all *within* much *worse*.

Her first-born progeny he made so rude
And suffer'd her so oft to be subdu'd:
By sev'ral crowds of wand'ring thieves o'er-run,
Often unpeopl'd, and as oft undone.
While ev'ry nation that her pow'rs reduc'd
Their languages and manners introduc'd.
From whose mix'd relics our compounded breed,
By spurious generation does succeed;

Making

Making a race uncertain and unev'n,
Deriv'd from all the nations under heav'n.

The *Romans* first with *Julius Cæsar* came,
Including all the nations of that name,
Gauls, *Greeks*, and *Lombards*; and by computation,
Auxiliaries, or slaves of ev'ry nation.
With *Hengist*, *Saxons*; *Danes* with *Sueno* came,
In search of plunder, not in search of fame.
Scots, *Picts*, and *Irish* from th' *Hibernian* shore;
And conqu'ring *William* brought the *Normans* o'er.

All these their barb'rous Offspring left behind,
The dregs of armies, they of all mankind;
Blended with *Britains* who before were here,
Of whom the *Welch* have blest the character.

From this amphibious ill-born mob began
That vain ill-natur'd thing an Englishman.
The Customs, firnames, languages, and manners,
Of all these nations are their own explainers:
Whose relics all so lasting and so strong,
Have left a *Shibboleth* upon our tongue;
By which with easy search one may distinguish
Your *Roman-Saxon-Danish-Norman* English.

The great invading **Norman* let us know
What conquerors in after-times might do.

* William *the conqueror*.

To

To ev'ry *Musqueteer* * he brought to *Town*,
He gave the lands which never were his own.
When first the *English* Crown he did obtain,
He did not send his *Dutchmen* home again.
No re-assumptions in his reign were known,
Davenant might there have let his Book alone.
No parliament his army cou'd disband;
He rais'd no money, for he paid in land.
He gave his legions their eternal station,
And made them all freeholders of the nation.
He canton'd out the country to his men,
And ev'ry soldier was a Denizen.
The rascals thus enrich'd, he call'd them *lords*,
To please their upstart pride with new made words;
And *Doomsday-book* his tyranny records.

And here begins our ancient pedigree,
That so exalts our poor nobility:
'Tis that from some *French* trooper they derive,
Who with the *Norman* bastard did arrive:
The trophies of the families appear;
Some shew the sword, the bow, and some the spear,
Which their great ancestor, *forsooth*, did wear.
These in the herald's register remain,
Their nobly mean extraction to explain.
Yet who the hero was, no man can tell,
Whether a Drummer or a colonel:
The silent record blushes to reveal
Their undescended dark original.

* *Or* Archer.

But

But grant the best, how came the change to pass;
A *True-born Englishman* of *Norman* Race?
A *Turkish* Horse can shew more history,
To prove his well-descended family.
Conquest, as by the *moderns 'tis express'd,
May give a title to the lands possess'd:
But that the longest sword shou'd be so civil,
To make a *Frenchman English*, is the devil.

These are the heroes who despise the *Dutch*,
And rail at new come foreigners so much;
Forgetting that themselves are all deriv'd
From the most scoundrel race that ever liv'd,
A horrid crowd of rambling thieves and drones,
Who ransack'd kingdoms, and dispeopl'd towns.
The *Pict* and painted *Britain*, treach'rous *Scot*,
By hunger, theft, and rapine, hither brought,
Norwegian pirates, Buccaneering *Danes*,
Whose red-hair'd offspring ev'ry where remains.
Who join'd with *Norman-French*, compound the breed
From whence your *True-born Englishmen* proceed.

And lest by length of time it be pretended,
The climate may this modern breed have mended;
Wise providence to keep us where we are,
Mixes us daily with exceeding care:
We have been *Europe*'s sink, *the Jakes* where she
Voids all her offal out-cast progeny.

* *Dr.* Sherl. *de facto.*

From

From our fifth *Henry*'s time, the ſtrolling bands
Of baniſh'd fugitives from neighb'ring lands,
Have here a certain ſanctuary found:
Th' eternal refuge of the vagabond.
Where in but half a common age of time,
Borr'wing new blood and manners from the clime,
Proudly they learn all mankind to contemn,
And all their race are *True-born Engliſhmen.*

Dutch, *Walloons*, *Flemmings*, *Iriſhmen*, and *Scots*,
Vaudois with *Valtolins*, and *Hugonots*,
In good queen *Beſs*'s charitable reign,
Supply'd us with three hundred thouſand men.
Religion, *God we thank thee*, ſent them hither,
Prieſts, Proteſtants, the Devil, all together!
Of all Profeſſions, and of ev'ry trade,
All that were perſecuted, or afraid;
Whether for debt, or other crimes they fled,
David at *Hackelah* was ſtill their head.

The offspring of this miſcellaneous crowd,
Had not their new plantations long enjoy'd,
When they grew *Engliſhmen*, and rais'd their votes
At foreign ſhoals of *interloping Scots.*
The *Royal branch from *Pict-land* did ſucceed,
With troops of *Scots*, and ſcabs from *North-by-Tweed.*
The ſeven firſt years of his pacific reign
Made him and half his nation *Engliſhmen.*

* *King* James I.

Scots

Scots from the *Northern* frozen banks of *Tay*,
With packs and plods came *whigging* all away:
Thick as the locusts which in *Egypt* swarm'd,
With pride and hungry hopes compleatly arm'd;
With native *truth*, *diseases*, and no *money*,
Plunder'd our *Canaan* of her milk and honey.
Here they grew quickly lords and gentlemen,
And all their race are *True-born Englishmen.*

The civil wars, the common purgative,
That never fails to make the nation thrive,
Made way for all that strolling congregation,
Which throng'd in pious *Ch——s*'s restoration.
The *royal refugee* our breed restores,
With *foreign courtiers*, and with *foreign whores*:
And carefully repeopl'd us again,
Throughout his lazy, long, lascivious reign,
With such a bless'd and true-born *English* fry,
As much illustrates our nobility.
A gratitude which will so black appear,
That future ages must abhor to hear:
When they look back on all that crimson flood,
Which stream'd in *Lindsey*'s, and *Caernarvon*'s blood:
Bold *Stafford*, *Cambridge*, *Capel*, *Lucas*, *Lisle*,
Who crown'd in death his father's funeral pile.
The loss of whom, in order to supply,
With *True-born English* nobility,
Six bastard dukes survive his luscious reign,
The labours of *Italian Castlemain*,
French Portsmouth, *Taby Scot*, and *Cambrian*.

Be-

Besides the num'rous bright and virgin throng,
Whose female glories shade them from my song.

This Offspring, if one age they multiply,
May half the house with *English* peers supply:
There with true *English* pride they may contemn
Schomberg and *Portland*, new made noblemen.

French Cooks, *Scotch* pedlars, and *Italian* whores,
Were all made lords, or lords progenitors.
Beggars and bastards by his new creation,
Much multiply'd the p——ge of the nation;
Who will be all, ere one short age runs o'er,
As *true-born* lords as those we had before.

Then to recruit the commons he prepares,
And heal the latent breaches of the wars;
The pious purpose better to advance,
H'invites the banish'd protestants of *France*:
Hither for God's sake and their own they fled,
Some for religion came, but more for bread.
Two hundred thousand pair of wooden shoes,
Who, God be thank'd, had nothing else to lose;
To heav'n's great praise did for religion fly,
To make us starve our poor in charity.
In ev'ry port they plant their fruitful train,
To get a race of *true-born Englishmen*:
Whose children will, when riper years they see,
Be as ill-natur'd and as proud as we:
Call themselves *English*, foreigners despise,
Be surly like us all, and just as wise.

Thus from a mixture of all kinds began,
That het'rogeneous *thing*, *an Engliſhman*:
In eager rapes, and furious luſt begot,
Betwixt a painted *Britain* and a *Scot*.
Whoſe gend'ring offspring quickly learn'd to bow,
And yoke their heifers to the *Roman* plough:
From whence a mongrel half-bred race there came,
With neither name, nor nation, ſpeech nor ſame.
In whoſe hot veins new mixtures quickly ran,
Infus'd betwixt a *Saxon* and a *Dane*.
While their rank daughters, to their parents juſt,
Receiv'd all nations with promiſcuous luſt,
This nauſeous brood directly did contain
The well extracted blood of *Engliſhmen*.

Which medly canton'd in a heptarchy,
A rapſody of nations to ſupply,
Among themſelves maintain'd eternal wars,
And ſtill the ladies lov'd the conquerors.

The *Weſtern* angles all the reſt ſubdu'd;
A bloody nation, barbarous and rude:
Who by the *tenure* of the ſword poſſeſs'd
One part of *Britain*, and ſubdu'd the reſt.
And as great things denominate the ſmall,
The conqu'ring part gave *Title* to the whole.
The *Scot*, *Pict*, *Britain*, *Roman*, *Dane*, ſubmit,
And with the *Engliſh-Saxon* all unite:
And theſe the mixture have ſo cloſe purſu'd,
The very name and memory's ſubdu'd:

No

No *Roman* now, no *Britain* does remain;
Wales ſtrove to ſeparate, but ſtrove in vain:
The ſilent nations undiſtinguiſh'd fall,
And *Engliſhman*'s the common name for all:
Fate jumbl'd them together, *God knows how*;
Whate'er they were, they're *True-born Engliſh* now.

The wonder which remains is at our pride,
To value that which all wiſe men deride,
For *Engliſhmen* to boaſt of generation,
Cancels their knowledge, and lampoons the nation:
A *True-born Engliſhman*'s a contradiction,
In ſpeech an irony, in fact a fiction.
A banter made to be a teſt of fools,
Which thoſe that uſe it juſtly ridicules.
A metaphor invented to expreſs
A man *a-kin* to all the univerſe.

For as the *Scots*, as learned men have ſaid,
Throughout the world their wand'ring ſeed have ſpread;
So open-handed *England*, 'tis believ'd,
Has all the gleanings of the world receiv'd.

Some think of *England* 'twas our Saviour meant,
The Goſpel ſhould to all the world be ſent:
Since, when the bleſſed ſound did hither reach,
They to all nations might be ſaid to preach.

'Tis well that virtue gives nobility,
How ſhall we elſe the want of birth ſupply?
Since ſcarce one family is left alive,
Which does not from ſome foreigner derive.
Of ſixty thouſand *Engliſh* gentlemen,
Whoſe names and arms in regiſters remain,
We challenge all our heralds to declare
Ten families which *Engliſh-Saxons* are.

France juſtly boaſts the ancient noble line
Of *Bourbon*, *Montmorency*, and *Lorrain*.
The *Germans* too their houſe of *Auſtria* ſhew,
And *Holland* their invincible *Naſſau*.
Lines which in heraldry were ancient grown,
Before the name of *Engliſhman* was known.
E'en *Scotland* too, her elder glory ſhews,
Boaſting her *Gordons*, *Hamiltons*, *Munroes*,
Douglas, *Mackays*, and *Grahams*, names well known,
Long before ancient *England* knew her own.

But *England*, modern to the laſt degree,
Borrows or makes her own nobility,
And yet ſhe boldly boaſts of pedigree.
Repines that foreigners are put upon her,
And talks of her antiquity and honour.
Her *S——lls*, *S——ls*, *C——ls*, *D——la*, *M——rs*,
M——ns and *M——ues*, *D—s*, and *V——rs*,
Not one have *Engliſh* names, yet all are *Engliſh* peers.

Your

Your *Houblons*, *Papillons*, and *Lethuliers*,
Pass now for *True-born English* knights and 'squires,
And make good senate members, or lord-mayors.
Wealth, howe'er acquir'd, in *England* makes
Lords of mechanics, gentlemen of rakes:
Antiquity and birth are needless here;
'Tis impudence and money makes a p——r.

Innumerable city-knights we know,
From *Bluecoat-Hospital* and *Bridewell* flow.
Draymen and porters fill the city chair,
And foot-boys magisterial purple wear.
Fate has but very small distinction set
Between the *counter* and the coronet.
Tarpaulin l——ds, pages of high renown,
Rise up by poor mens valour, not their own.
Great families of yesterday we shew,
And lords, whose parents were the *lord knows who*.

PART II.

THE breed's described: now, *Satyr*, if you can,
Their temper shew, for *manners make the man.*
Fierce as the *Britain*; as the *Roman* brave;
And less inclin'd to conquer than to save:
Eager to fight, and lavish of their blood;
But equally of *fear* and *forecast* void.
The *Pict* has made 'em sour, the *Dane* morose;
False from the *Scot*, and from the *Norman* worse.
What honesty they have, the *Saxons* gave them,
And that, now they grow old, begins to leave them.
The climate makes them terrible and bold;
And *English* Beef their courage does uphold.
No danger can their daring spirit pall,
Provided always that their belly's full.

In close intrigues their faculty's but weak,
For gen'rally whate'er they know they speak:
And often their own councils undermine,
By their infirmity, and not design;
From whence the learned say it does proceed,
That *English* treasons never can succeed,

They

They are ſo open-hearted, you may know
Their own moſt ſecret thoughts, and others too.

The lab'ring poor, in ſpight of double pay,
Are ſaucy, mutinous, and beggarly:
So laviſh of their money and their time,
That want of forecaſt is the nation's crime.
Good drunken company is their delight;
And what they get by day they ſpend by night.
Dull thinking ſeldom does their heads engage,
But drink their youth away, and hurry on old age.
Empty of all good huſbandry and ſenſe;
And void of manners moſt, when void of pence.
Their ſtrong averſion to behaviour's ſuch,
They always talk too little or too much.
So dull, they never take the pains to think;
And ſeldom are good-natur'd, *but in drink.*

In *Engliſh* Ale their dear enjoyment lies
For which they'll ſtarve themſelves and families.
An *Engliſhman* will fairly drink as much
As will maintain two families of *Dutch:*
Subjecting all their labours to their pots,
The greateſt artiſts are the greateſt ſots.

The country poor do by example live,
The gentry lead them, and the clergy drive;
What may we not from ſuch examples hope?
The landlord is their god, the prieſt their pope.

A drunken

A drunken clergy, and a fwearing bench,
Has giv'n the reformation fuch a drench,
That wife men think there is fome caufe to doubt,
'Twill purge manners and religion out.

Nor do the poor alone their liquor prize,
The fages join in this great facrifice.
The learned men who ftudy *Ariftotle*,
Correct him with an explanation bottle;
Praife *Epicurus* rather than *Lyfander*,
And **Ariftippus* more than *Alexander*
The doctors too their *Galen* here refign,
And gen'rally prefcribe *fpecific wine*,
The graduates ftudy's grown an easier *task*,
While for the *Urinal* they tofs the *flask*.
The furgeon's art grows plainer ev'ry hour,
And wine's the balm which into wounds they pour.

Poets long fince *Parnaffus* have forfaken,
And fay the ancient bards were all miftaken,
Apollo's lately abdicate and fled,
And good king *Bacchus* governs in his ftead;
He does the chaos of the head refine,
And atom thoughts jump into words by wine;
The infpiration's of a finer nature;
As wine muft needs excel *Parnaffus* water.

Statefmen their weighty politics refine,
And foldiers raife their courages by wine;

* *The drunkard's name for Canary.*

Cæcilio

Cæcilia gives her choristers their choice,
And lets them all drink wine to clear their voice;

Some think the clergy first found out the way;
And wine's the only spirit by which they pray.
But others, less prophane than so, agree,
It clears the lungs and helps the memory:
And therefore all of them divinely think,
Instead of study, 'tis as well to drink.

And here I would be very glad to know,
Whether our *Asgilites* may drink or no.
Th'enlightening fumes of wine wou'd certainly,
Assist them much *when they begin to fly:*
Or if a fiery chariot shou'd appear,
Inflam'd by wine, they'd have the less to fear.

Even the Gods themselves, as mortals say,
Were they on earth, wou'd be as drunk as they;
Nectar wou'd be no more celestial drink,
They'd all take *wine*, to teach them how to think.
But *English* drunkards, Gods and men out-do,
Drink their estates away, and senses too.
Colon's in debt, and if his friends should fail
To help him out, must die at last in jail;
His *wealthy uncle* sent a hundred nobles,
To pay his trifles off, and rid him of his troubles:

But

But *Colon* like a *True-born Engliſhman*,
Drank all the money out in bright champain;
And *Colon* does in cuſtody remain.
Drunk'nneſs has been the darling of the realm,
E'er ſince a drunken pilot had the helm.

In their religion they are ſo unev'n,
That each man goes *his own by-way to heav'n.*
Tenacious of miſtakes to that degree,
That ev'ry man purſues it ſeparately,
And fancies none can find the way but he,
So ſhy of one another they are grown,
As if they ſtrove to get to heav'n alone.
Rigid and zealous, poſitive and grave,
And ev'ry grace, but charity, they have:
This makes them ſo ill-natur'd and uncivil,
That all men think an *Engliſhman* the devil.

Surly to ſtrangers, froward to their friend;
With heart reluctant e'er to love inclin'd
Reſolv'd to be ungrateful and unkind.
If by neceſſity reduc'd to aſk,
The giver has the difficulteſt taſk:
For what's beſtow'd they awkardly receive,
And always take leſs freely than they give.
The obligation is their higheſt grief;
And never love, where they accept relief.
So ſullen in their ſorrows, that 'tis known,
They'll rather die than their afflictions own:

And

And if reliev'd, it is too often true,
That they'll abuse their benefactors too:
For in distress their haughty stomach's such,
They hate to see themselves oblig'd too much,
Seldom contented, often in the wrong;
Hard to be pleas'd at all, and never long.

If your mistakes their ill-opinion gain,
No merit can their favour re-obtain;
And if they are not vindictive in their fury,
'Tis their unconstant temper does secure ye;
Their brain's so cool, their passion seldom burns;
For all's condens'd before the flame returns:
The fermentation's of so weak a matter,
The humid damps the fume, and all is water.
So tho' the inclination may be strong,
They're pleas'd by fits, and never angry long.

Then if good-nature shews some slender proof,
They never think they have reward enough;
But like our modern *quakers* of the town,
Expect your manners, and return you none.

Friendship, th' abstracted union of the mind,
Which all men seek, but very few can find:
Of all the nations in the universe,
None talk on't more, and understand it less:
For if it does their property annoy,
Their property their friendship will destroy.

As you discourse them, you shall hear them tell
All things in which they think they do excel:
No panegyric needs their praise record;
An Englishman *ne'er wants his own good word.*
His long discourses gen'rally appear
Prologu'd with his own wond'rous character:
But first to illustrate his own good name,
He never fails his neighbour to defame:
And yet, believe him, he designs no wrong;
His malice goes no farther than his tongue.
But pleas'd to tattle, he delights to rail,
To satisfy the letch'ry of a tale.
His own dear praises close the ample speech,
Tells you how wise he is; *that is, how rich:*
For wealth is wisdom; he that's rich is wise;
And all men learned poverty despise.
His generosity comes next, and then
Concludes that he's a *True-born Englishman;*
And they, 'tis known, are gen'rous and free,
Forgetting and forgiving injury:
Which may be true, thus rightly understood,
Forgiving ill turns, and forgetting good.

Chearful in labour when they've undertook it,
And out of humour, when they're out of pocket.
But if their belly, and their pocket's full,
They may be phlegmatic, but never dull:
And if a bottle does their brains refine,
It makes their wit as sparkling as their wine.

As for the general vices which we find
They're guilty of in common with mankind,
Satyr, forbear, and silently endure;
We must conceal the crimes we cannot cure.
Nor shall my verse the brighter sex defame;
For *English* beauty will preserve her name.
Beyond dispute, agreeable and fair,
And modester than other nations are:
For where the vice prevails, the great temptation
Is want of money more than inclination.
In general, this only is allow'd,
They're something noisy, and a little proud.

An *Englishman* is gentlest in command,
Obedience is a stranger in the land;
Hardly subjected to the magistrate;
For Englishmen *do all subjection hate.*
Humblest when rich, but peevish when they're poor:
And think whate'er they have, they merit more.

The meanest *English* plowman studies law,
And by it keeps the magistrates in awe;
Will boldly tell them what they ought to do,
And sometimes punish their omissions too.

Their liberty and property's so dear,
They scorn their laws or governors to fear:
So bugbear'd with the name of slavery,
They can't submit to their own liberty,

Restraint from ill, is freedom to the wise;
But Englishmen *do all restraint despise.*
Slaves to their liquor, drudges to their pots,
The mob are statesmen, and the statesmen sots.

Their governors they count such dangerous things,
That 'tis their custom to affront their kings:
So jealous of the power their kings possess'd,
They suffer neither power nor kings to rest.
The bad with force they eagerly subdue;
The good with constant clamours they pursue:
And did king Jesus reign, they'd murmur too.
A discontented nation, and by far
Harder to rule in times of peace than war:
Easily set together by the ears,
And full of causeless jealousies and fears:
Apt to revolt, and willing to rebel,
Seldom or ne'er contented when they're well.
No government cou'd ever please them long,
Cou'd tie their hands, or rectify their tongue.
In this to ancient Israel *well compar'd,*
Eternal murmurs are among them heard.

It was but lately that they were oppress'd,
Their rights invaded, and their laws suppress'd:
When nicely tender of their liberty,
Lord! what a noise they made of slavery.
In daily tumults shew'd their discontent;
Lampoon'd their king, and mock'd his government.

And

And if in arms they did not first appear,
'Twas for want of force and not for want of fear.
In humbler tone than *English* us'd to do,
At foreign hands, for foreign aid they sue.

William, *the great successor of* Nassau,
Heard their loud pray'rs, and their oppressions saw:
He saw and sav'd: God and him they prais'd;
To this their thanks, to that their trophies rais'd.
But glutted with their own felicities,
They soon their own deliverer despise;
Say all their pray'rs back, and their joy disown,
Unsing their thanks, and pull their trophies down:
Their harps of praise are on the willows hung;
For Englishmen *are ne'er contented long.*

The rev'rend clergy too! and who'd have thought
That they who had such non-resistance taught,
Shou'd e'er to arms against their prince be brought?
Who up to heav'n did regal pow'r advance;
Subjecting *English* laws to modes of *France.*
Twisting religion so with loyalty,
That the one cou'd ne'er live, and t'other die.
And yet no sooner did their prince design
Their glebes and perquisites to undermine,
But all their passive doctrines laid aside;
The clergy their own principles deny'd:
Unpreach'd their non-resisting cant, and pray'd
To heav'n for help, and to the *Dutch* for aid.

The church chim'd all her doctrines back again,
And pulpit champions did the cause maintain;
Flew in the face of all their former zeal,
And non-resistance did at once repeal.

The *Rabbies* say it would be too prolix,
To tie religion up to politics:
The churches safety is Suprema Lex.
And thus by a new figure of their own,
Their former doctrines all at once disown,
As laws *post facta* in the parliament,
In urgent cases have obtain'd assent;
But are as dangerous precedents laid by;
Made lawful only by necessity.

The rev'rend fathers then in arms appear,
And men of God became the men of war.
The nation, *fir'd by them*, to arms apply,
Assault their antichristian monarchy;
To their due channel all our laws restore,
And made things what they shou'd have been before.
But when they came to fill the vacant throne,
And the *pale priests* look'd back on what they'd done;
How *English* liberty began to thrive,
And church of *England* loyalty out-live:
How all their persecuting days were done,
And their deliv'rer plac'd upon the throne:
The priests, *as priests are wont to do*, turn'd tail;
They're *Englishmen*, and *nature will prevail.*

Now

Now they deplore the ruins they have made,
And murmur for the maſter they betray'd.
Excuſe thoſe crimes they cou'd not make him mend;
And ſuffer for the cauſe they can't defend.
Pretend they'd not have carried things ſo high;
And proto-martyrs make for popery.
Had the prince done as they deſign'd the thing,
Have ſet the clergy up to rule the king;
Taken a *donative* for coming hither,
And ſo have left their king and them together,
We had, ſay they, been now a happy nation,
No doubt we'd ſeen a bleſſed reformation:
For wiſe men ſay 't's as dangerous a thing,
A ruling prieſthood, as a prieſt-rid king.
And of all plagues with which mankind are curs'd,
Eccleſiaſtic tyranny's the worſt.

If all our former grievances were feign'd,
King *James* has been abus'd, and we trapan'd;
Bugbear'd with popery and pow'r deſpotic,
Tyrannic government, and leagues exotic:
The revolution's a phanatic plot
W—— a tyrant, and k—g *J*—— was not:
A factious army, and a poiſon'd nation,
Unjuſtly forc'd king *James*'s abdication.

But if he did the ſubjects rights invade,
Then he was puniſh'd only, not betray'd.

And punishing of kings is no such crime,
For Englishmen *have done it many a time.*

When kings the sword of justice first lay down,
They are no kings, tho' they possess the crown.
Titles are shadows, crowns are empty things,
The good of subjects is the end of kings;
To guide in war and to protect in peace:
Where tyrants once commence, the kings do cease:
For arbitrary power's so strange a thing,
It makes the *tyrant*, and unmakes the king.

If kings by foreign priests and armies reign,
And lawless power against their oaths mantain,
Then subjects must have reason to complain.
If oaths must bind us when our kings do ill;
To call in foreign aid is to rebel.
By force to circumscribe our lawful prince,
Is wilful treason in the largest sense.
And they who once rebel, most certainly
Their God, and king, and former oaths defy.
If we allow no male administration
Cou'd cancel the allegiance of the nation:
Let all our learned sons of *Levi* try,
This ecclesiastic riddle to untye:
How they could make a step to call the prince,
And yet pretend to oaths and innocence.

By the first address they made beyond the seas,
They're perjur'd in the most intense degrees;

And

And without ſcruple for the time to come,
May ſwear to all the kings in *Chriſtendom.*
And truly did our kings conſider all,
They'd never let the clergy ſwear at all,
Their politic allegiance they'd refuſe;
For whores and prieſts will never want excuſe.

But if the *mutual contract* was diſſolv'd,
The doubts explain'd, the difficulty ſolv'd:
That kings when they diſcend to tyranny,
Diſſolve the bond, and leave the ſubject free.
The government's ungirt, when juſtice dies,
And conſtitutions are non-entities.
The nation's all a mob, there's no ſuch thing
As lords or commons, parliament, or king.
A great promiſcuous croud the hydra lies,
Till laws revive, and mutual contract ties:
A chaos free to chuſe for their own ſhare,
What caſe of government they pleaſe to wear:
If to a king they do the reins commit,
All men are bound in conſcience to ſubmit:
But then that king muſt by his oath aſſent
To *Poſtulata's* of the government;
Which if he breaks, he cuts off the entail,
And power retreats to its original.

This doctrine has the ſanction of aſſent.
From nature's univerſal parliament.
The voice of nations, and the courſe of things,
Allow that laws ſuperior are to kings.

None

None but delinquents would have juſtice ceaſe,
Knaves rail at laws, as ſoldiers rail at peace:
For juſtice is the end of government,
As reaſon is the teſt of argument.

No man was ever yet ſo void of ſenſe,
As to debate the right of ſelf defence;
A principle ſo grafted in the mind,
With nature born, and does like nature bind:
Twiſted with reaſon and with nature too;
As neither one nor t'other can undo.

Nor can this right be leſs when national;
Reaſon which governs one, ſhould govern all.
Whate'er the dialect of courts may tell,
He that his right demands can ne'er rebel.
Which right, if 'tis by governor's deny'd,
May be procur'd by force, or foreign aid.
For tyranny's a nation's term of grief;
As folks cry *fire*, to haſten in relief.
And when the hated word is heard about,
All men ſhou'd come to help the people out.

Thus *England* cried, *Britannia*'s voice was heard;
And great *Naſſau* to reſcue her appear'd:
Call'd by the univerſal voice of fate;
God and the people's legal magiſtrate.
Ye heav'ns regard! Almighty *Jove* look down,
And view the injur'd monarch on the throne.

On their ungrateful heads due vengeance take,
Who ſought his aid, and then his aid forſake.
Witneſs, ye powers! It was our call alone,
Which now our pride makes us aſham'd to own.
Britannia's troubles fetch'd him from afar,
To court the dreadful caſualties of war:
But where requital can be made,
Acknowledgment's a tribute ſeldom paid.

He dwelt in bright *Maria*'s circling arms,
Defended by the magic of her charms,
From foreign fears, and from domeſtic harms.
Ambition found no fuel for her fire,
He had what God could give, or man deſire.
Till *pity* rouz'd him from his ſoft repoſe:
His life to unſeen hazards to expoſe;
Till *pity* mov'd him in our cauſe t'appear;
Pity! *That word which now we hate to hear.*
But *Engliſh* gratitude is always ſuch,
To hate the hand which does oblige too much.

Britannia's cries gave birth to his intent,
And hardly gain'd his unforeſeen aſſent:
His boding thoughts foretold him he ſhould find
The people fickle, ſelfiſh and unkind,
Which thought did to his royal heart appear
More dreadful than the dangers of the war.
For nothing grates a generous mind ſo ſoon,
As baſe returns for hearty ſervice done.

Satyr be silent, awfully prepare,
Britannia's song, and *William*'s praise to hear.
Stand by, and let her chearfully rehearse
Her grateful vows in her immortal verse.
Loud fame's eternal trumpet let her sound;
Listen ye distant poles, and endless round.
May the strong blast the welcome news convey
As far as sound can reach, or spirit fly.
To *neighb'ring worlds*, if such there be, relate
Our hero's fame, for theirs to imitate.
To distant worlds of spirits let her rehearse;
Spirits without the helps of voice converse.
May angels hear the gladsome news on high,
Mix'd with their everlasting symphony.
And hell itself stand in suspence to know,
Whether it be the fatal blast, or no.

BRITANNIA.

THE fame of virtue 'tis for which I ſound,
And heroes with immortal laurels crown'd.
Fame built on ſolid virtue ſwifter flies,
Than morning light can ſpread my eaſtern ſkies.
The gath'ring air returns the doubling ſound,
And loud repeating thunders force it round:
Ecchoes return from caverns of the deep:
Old Chaos dreams on't in eternal ſleep.
Time hands it forward to its lateſt urn,
From whence it never, never ſhall return;
Nothing is heard ſo far, or laſts ſo long;
'Tis heard by ev'ry ear, and ſpoke by ev'ry tongue.

My hero, with the ſails of honour furl'd,
Ariſes like the genius of the world.
By fate and fame wiſely prepared to be
The ſoul of war, and life of victory.
He ſpreads the wings of virtue on the throne,
And ev'ry wind of glory *fans them on.*

Immortal

Immortal trophies dwell upon his brow,
Fresh as the garlands he has won but now.

By different steps the high assent he gains,
And differently that high assent maintains.
Princes for pride, *and* lust *of* rule *make war;*
And struggle for the name of conqueror.
Some fight for fame, and some for victory;
He fights to save, and conquers to set free.

Then seek no phrase his titles to conceal,
And hide with words what actions must reveal.
No parallel from Hebrew *stories take,*
Of god-like kings my similies to make:
No borrow'd names conceal my living theme;
But names and things directly I proclaim.
His honest merit does his glory raise;
Whom that exalts, let no man fear to praise;
Of such a subject no man need be shy:
Virtue's above the reach of flattery.
He needs no character, but his own fame,
Nor any flattering titles, but his name.
William's *the name that's spoke by ev'ry tongue;*
William's *the darling subject of my song.*
Listen ye virgins to the charming sound,
And in eternal dances hand it round:
Your early offerings to this altar bring;
Make him at once a lover and a king.
May he submit to none but to your arms;
Nor ever be subdu'd, but by your charms.

May your soft thoughts for him be all sublime;
And ev'ry tender vow be made for him.
May he be first in ev'ry morning thought,
And heav'n ne'er hear a pray'r, when he's left out.
May ev'ry omen, ev'ry boding dream,
Be fortunate *by mentioning his name;*
May this one charm infernal powers affright,
And guard you from the terrors of the night.
May ev'ry chearful glass, as it goes down,
To William's *health*, be cordials to your own.
Let ev'ry song be chorus'd with his name,
And music pay her tribute to his fame.
Let ev'ry poet tune his artful verse,
And in immortal strains his deeds rehearse:
And may Apollo *never more inspire*
The disobedient bard with his seraphic fire.
May all my sons their grateful homage pay;
His praises sing, and for his safety pray.

Satyr return to our unthankful isle,
Secur'd by heaven's regard, and *William*'s toil,
To both ungrateful, and to both untrue,
Rebels to God, and to good nature too.

If e'er this nation be distress'd again,
To whomsoe'er they cry, they'll cry in vain.
To heav'n they cannot have the face to look:
Or if they should, it wou'd but heav'n provoke.
To hope for help from man would be too much:
Mankind would always tell them of the Dutch.

How they came here our freedoms to maintain,
Were *paid*, and *curs'd*, and *hurry'd home again*:
How by their aid we first dissolv'd our fears,
And then our helpers damn'd for foreigners.
'Tis not our *English* temper to do better;
For *Englishmen* think ev'ry man their debtor:

'Tis worth observing, that we ne'er complain'd
Of foreigners, nor of the wealth they gain'd,
Till all their services were at an end.
Wise men affirm it is the *English* way,
Never to grumble till they come to pay;
And then they always think, their temper's such,
The work too little, and the pay too much.

As frighted patients, when they want a cure,
Bid any price, and any pain endure:
But when the doctor's remedies appear,
The cure's too easy, and the price too dear.

Great *Portland* ne'er was banter'd when he strove
For us his master's kindest thoughts to move.
We ne'er lampoon'd his conduct when employ'd
King *James*'s secret counsels to divide;
Then we caress'd him as the only man,
Who the mysterious oracle cou'd scan.
The only *Hushai* able to repel
The dark designs of our *Achitophel*.
Compar'd his master's courage, to his sense;
The ablest statesman and the bravest prince.

Ten years in *English* service he appear'd,
And gain'd his master's, and the world's regard:
But 'tis not England's *custom to reward.*
The wars are over, *England* needs him not;
Now he's a *Dutchman*, and *the lord knows what.*

Scomberg, the ablest soldier of his age,
With *great Nassau* did in our cause engage:
Both join'd for *England*'s rescue and defence,
The greatest captain, and the greatest prince,
With what applause his stories did we tell?
Stories which *Europe*'s volumes largely swell.
We counted him an army in our aid:
Where he commanded, no man was afraid.
His actions with a constant conquest shine,
From *Villa-Vitiosa* to the *Rhine.*
France, Flanders, Germany, his fame confess;
And all the world was fond of him, but us.
Our turn first serv'd, we grudg'd him the command,
Witness the grateful temper of the land!

We blame the k—— that he relies too much
On strangers, *Germans, Hugonots*, and *Dutch*;
And seldom would his great affairs of state,
To *English* counsellors communicate.
The fact might very well be answer'd thus;
He has so often been betray'd by us,
He must have been a madman to rely
On *English* gentlemen's fidelity.

For laying other arguments aſide,
This thought might mortify our *Engliſh* pride.
That foreigners have faithfully obey'd him,
And none but *Engliſhmen* have e'er betray'd him;
They have our ſhips and merchants bought and ſold,
And barter'd *Engliſh* blood for foreign gold.
Firſt to the *French* they ſold our *Turky* fleet,
And injur'd *Talmarſh* next, at *Camaret*.
The king himſelf is ſhelter'd from their ſnares,
Not by his merit, but the crown he wears.
Experience tells us 'tis the *Engliſh* way,
Their benefactors always to betray.

And leſt examples ſhould be too remote,
A modern magiſtrate of famous note,
Shall give you his own hiſtory by rote.
I'll make it out, deny it he that can,
His worſhip is a *True born Engliſhman*,
In all the latitude that empty word
By modern acceptation's underſtood.
The pariſh-books his great deſcent record,
And now he hopes e'er long to be a lord.
And truly as things go, it would be pity
But ſuch as he *ſhould repreſent* the city:
While robb'ry for burnt offering he brings,
And gives to God what he has ſtole from kings:
Great monuments of charity he raiſes,
And good St. Magnus *whiſtles out his praiſes.*
To city jails he grants a jubilee,
And hires huzza's from his own mobilee.

Lately

Lately he wore the golden chain and gown,
With which equipp'd, he thus harangu'd the town.

His Fine SPEECH.

WITH clouted iron ſhoes, and ſheep ſkin breeches,
More rags than manners, and more dirt than riches,
From driving cows and calves to *Layton-Market*,
While of my greatneſs there appear'd no ſpark yet,
Behold I come, to let you ſee the pride
With which exalted beggars always ride.

Born to the needful labours of the plough,
The cart-whip grac'd me, as the chain does now.
Nature and fate in doubt what courſe to take,
Whether I ſhould a lord or plough-boy make;
Kindly at laſt reſolv'd they wou'd promote me,
And firſt *a knave*, and then *a knight* they vote me.
What fate appointed, nature did prepare
To have completed with exceeding care.
Thus fit for what they deſign'd to make me;
Ev'ry good gift *but honeſty* they gave me.

And thus equipp'd, to this proud town I came,
In queſt of bread, and not in queſt of fame.
Blind to my future fate, an humble boy,
Free from the *guilt and glory* I enjoy.

The hopes which my ambition entertain'd,
Were in the name of *foot-boy*, all contain'd.
The greatest heights from small beginnings rise;
The gods were great on earth, before they reach'd the skies.

B——well, the generous temper of whose mind,
Was always to be bountiful inclin'd:
Whether by his ill fate or fancy led,
First took me up and furnish'd me with bread.
The little services he put me to,
Seem'd labours, rather than were truly so.
But always my advancement he design'd:
For 'twas his very nature to be kind.
Large was his soul, his temper ever free;
The best of masters and of men to me.
And I who was before decreed by fate,
To be made infamous as well as great.
With an obsequious diligence obey'd him,
Till trusted with his all, and then betray'd him.

All his past kindnesses I trampled on,
Ruin'd his fortunes to erect my own.
So vipers in the bosom bred, begin
To hiss at that hand first which took them in.
With eager treach'ry I his fall pursu'd,
And my first trophies were *ingratitude*.

Ingratitude the worst of human guilt,
The basest action mankind can commit;

Which

Which like the sin against the Holy Ghost,
Has least of honour, and of guilt the most:
Distinguish'd from all other crimes by this,
That 'tis a crime which no man will confess,
That sin alone, which shou'd not be forgiven
On earth, altho' perhaps it may in heav'n.

Thus my first benefactor I o'erthrew;
And how should I be to a second true?
The public trust came next into my care,
And I to use them scurvily prepare:
My needy sov'reign lord I play'd upon,
And lent him many a thousand of his own;
For which great interest I took care to charge,
'Twas so my ill-got wealth became so large.

My predecessor *Judas* was a fool,
Fitter to have been whipp'd and sent to school,
Than sell a Saviour: Had I been at hand,
His master had not been so cheap trapann'd;
I wou'd have made the eager *Jews* have found,
For thirty pieces, thirty thousand pound.

My cousin *Ziba*, of immortal fame,
(Ziba *and I shall never want a name:*)
First-born of treason, nobly did advance
His master's fall, for his inheritance.
By whose keen arts old *David* first began
To break his sacred oath to *Jonathan:*

The

The good old king, 'tis thought was very loth
To break his word, and therefore broke his oath.
Ziba's a traitor of some quality,
Yet *Ziba* might have been inform'd by me:
Had I been there, he ne'er had been content
With half th' estate, nor half the government.

In our late revolution 'twas thought strange,
That I of all mankind shou'd like the change,
But they who wonder'd at it, never knew,
That in it I my old game did pursue:
Nor had they heard of twenty thousand pound,
Which never yet was lost, nor never was found.

Thus all things in their turn to sale I bring,
God and my master first, and then the king:
Till by successful villainies made bold,
I thought to turn the nation into gold:
And so to forg—ry my hand I bent,
Not doubting I could gull the government;
But there was ruffl'd by the parliament.
And if I 'scap'd the unhappy tree to climb,
'Twas want of law, and not for want of crime.

But my **old friend*, who printed in my face
A needful competence of *English* brass,
Having more business yet for me to do,
And loth to lose his trusty servant so,

* *The devil.*

Manag'd

Manag'd the matter with ſuch art and ſkill,
As ſav'd his hero, and threw out the b—ll.

And now I'm grac'd with unexpected honours,
For which I'll certainly abuſe the donors:
Knighted, and made a tribune of the people.
Whoſe laws and properties I'm like to keep well;
The *Cuſtos Rotulorum* of the city,
And captain of the guards of their *Banditti*.
Surrounded by my catchpoles, I declare
Againſt the needy debtor open war.
I hang poor thieves for ſtealing of your pelf,
And ſuffer none to rob you but myſelf.

The king commanded me to help reform ye,
And how I'll do't, miſs ſhall inform ye.
I keep the beſt ſeraglio in the nation,
And hope in time to bring it into faſhion.
No *brimſtone whore* need fear the laſh from me,
That part I'll leave to brother *Jeffery*.
Our galants need not go abroad to *Rome*,
I'll keep a whoring jubilee at home.
Whoring's the darling of my inclination;
An't I a magiſtrate for reformation?
For this my praiſe is ſung by ev'ry bard,
For which *Bridewell* wou'd be a juſt reward.
In print my panegyrics fill the ſtreet,
And hir'd jail-birds their huzza's repeat.

Some

Some charities contriv'd to make a shew,
Have taught the needy rabble to do so;
Whose empty noise is a mechannic fame,
Since for Sir *Belzebub* they'd do the same.

The CONCLUSION.

THEN let us boast of ancestors no more,
Or deeds of heroes done in days of yore,
In latent records of the ages past,
Behind the rear of time, in oblivion plac'd.
For if our virtues must in lines descend,
The merit with the families would end;
And intermixtures would most fatal grow;
For vice wou'd be hereditary too;
The tainted blood wou'd of necessity,
In voluntary wickedness convey.

Vice like ill-nature, for an age or two,
May seem a generation to pursue:
But virtue seldom does regard the breed;
Fools do the wise, and wise men fools succeed.
What is't to us, what ancestors we had;
If good, what better? Or what worse, if bad?
Examples are for imitation set,
Yet all men follow virtue with regret.

Cou'd but our ancestors retrieve their fate.
d see their offspring thus degenerate;
w we contend for birth and names unknown,
d build on their past actions, not our own;
ey'd cancel records, and their tombs deface,
d openly disown the vile degenerate race:
fame of families is all a cheat,
personal virtue only makes us great.

THE